



The Dream



12 0 1

Chapter 1 by Sans

It was dark as night in the maze. I was running and I heard large footsteps behind me and shouting in some horribly beautiful language. Then the dream changed and there was a dark shadowy figure speaking in a harsh evil language and then I felt a pain like a knife cutting into me. Then I fell of my bed with a heavy thud and a scar on my chest. It was the same dream I had been having for a month. All of a sudden I hear my Dad yelling James Hawthorn what are you doing. Time to get ready for another day of school.

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